

GEE AITCH 43

No. 22. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Saturday, May 31, 1919

All Out For the Big Field Meet

45 Piece Band—Langley Field Play Locals

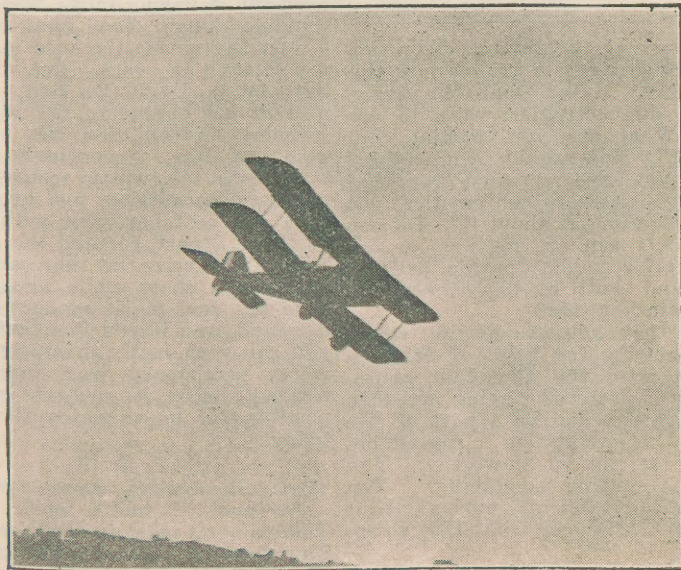
THE BIG DAY IS HERE.

Lots of pep, everybody! The big day opens with a concert by a 45-piece band from Camp Stuart, and then follows at 9:30 A. M. a baseball game between the U. S. S. Delaware and the U. S. S. New York. Cage Ball at 10 A. M., Labor Battalion; at 11 A. M. Tennis matches at the Officer's court, and then at 12 a lunch to prepare us for the big afternoon.

The afternoon program opens at 1:00 P. M. with track and field sports.

Dashes, relay races, jumping, various contests and drills take place. Right here, following the above exercises, the big band will hold the interest of the crowd, and at 2:30 P. M., a fast baseball game between the Post team and Langley Field will take place. At 4:30 P. M. we'll have an opportunity of seeing Walter Monaghan work in the boxing and wrestling matches that are scheduled. Lt. George, American Ace, and other

(Continued on page 4.)



Lt. George, who will be here today—Taken at Langley Field Circus

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GEE AITCH 43

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and devoted to the interests of
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-
ton, Va.

Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson,
commanding officer.

J. H. French, Red Cross, field
director.

Staff:

Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson
Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning
Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

Officer of the Day—Lt. Austin.

Saturday, May 31, 1919

Suppose an inhabitant from another planet were to tumble into this world and, having done the grand tour of our activities, were to ask you, "What are you getting out of life?" How would you reply? Would you have any answer ready? Would you have to confess that you had never thought about it? Do you know what you are getting; or are you simply a rudderless ship, drifting hither and there by the chance will of the wind or tide?

Even then you are getting something—getting the habit of drifting, perhaps, with the attendant consequences of battered rigging and torn sails. No one can be a part of life without accumulating something, whether worthy or unworthy. You must be getting something. You ought to be sufficiently curious about yourself to discover what that something is.

The spur of necessity changed us from dwadlers and drifters into people valiant and splendid, creating Florence Nightingales out of factory girls and Nelsons out of trawler captains. What do we plan to get out

of life now that peace has come? What are you planning to get out of life? It's a personal question.

We get out of life exactly what we put into it. If we put into it work and only work, we get the rewards of work. If we put into it ambition, we get the rewards of ambition—power. If we put into it love, we get the rewards of love—friendship.

* * *

To break the back of a bad habit
and substitute a good one requires
constant care and heroic courage.

* * *

SGT. BERG TO THE RESCUE.

We all regret that so many members of our band are laid up in the hospital, with the result that the band and orchestra is all but shot to pieces, and we also have a natural sympathy for those who are ill. But aside from this question, with the coming of our big Field Day, the big problem of having music was a questionable thing. Good band music to a field day means the success or failure of such an event. Realizing this, Sgt. 1st c. David O. Berg, who at present has charge of the band, and knowing its condition, set about to save the day. Accordingly, he got busy with the wires, secured headquarters' permission, and after more than a day of bartering with officers of Camp Stuart, secured the 45-piece band, that arrived at that camp from overseas a short while ago. These boys are real music makers, we understand, and if you like them today you can very justly thank Sgt. Berg, whose persistency and interest in making today a success, made it possible for us to enjoy them here today.

* * *

They talk about a woman's sphere

As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a featherweight of worth
Without a woman in it.

—Exchange.

OLD SOLDIERS OBSERVE MEMORIAL DAY.

The few old soldiers at the home escorted by the Post Band and a flock of Boy Scouts and little children, marched to the cemetery to decorate the graves of their departed comrades. 'Twas a beautiful day yesterday, a warm sunshine greeting the dawn which commanded the heavens the rest of the day; an ideal day to pay homage to our departed heroes and re-live briefly the honoured by-gones. After decorating the graves, they returned to the Post bandstand, where they rendered a very pleasing concert.

FORSAKE THE KHAKI TODAY.

Seven Utility Quartermaster men after today lay away their khaki uniform, for their discharge will have been handed them before the sun sets. Best luck, Sgt. 1st c. Floyd Decker, Sgts. Chas. Aldridge, Pickens Gantt and Samuel S. Roberts; Pvts. 1st c. Walter Albin and Ernest Burr and Pvt. Dominic Thomas.

AND OTHER FORSAKERS LEAVE NEXT WEEK.

Ten Medical men are right now busy writing their best girl back home about the day they will arrive. and no doubt, telling them to be there to execute the order of "presenting arms." Perhaps, some of them may have suspicion as to the loyalty of sweetheart back home, and just won't let her know he's coming, and will drop in on her unawares entertaining some other lover. Anyway, they're good boys, all of them, and we will miss them. Here are those who will leave us: Cpls. Oren A. Goods and Julius M. Saucier, Pvt. 1st c. Dominick F. Padula and Henry J. King; Pvts. Mason F. Ford, Max Inselman, William Taylor, Herman Hoffman, Lawrence Conrad and Richard F. Klueh.

Warning!

Bill Hohl, keep away from the main hospital building, or Capt. Brush will catch you.

BARRACKS "I" AND PERSONNEL OFFICE NOTES.

(By Their Own Correspondent.)

Hospital Sergeant McGeehan, so the Birdie says, will soon be leaving us for parts in or near Coaldale, Pa. "Sold, one discharge."

—o—

Sergeant John L. Jordan, Port Utilities, is ordered furloughed to the Regular Army Reserve at the earliest possible date.

—o—

Heard at the Pharmacy, Main Hospital: Sgt. Ernest, "Don't you think my mustache becoming?" She: "Perhaps so, but it hasn't come very much as yet."

—o—

WANTED: A wearer for the "Brown Derby." Those wishing to apply for same should consult Sgt. Hughes, Oh! we mean Sgt. 1st c. Hughes, Top Deck Barracks I, who is contemplating resigning his commission.

—o—

The "Ball game" Wednesday was a huge success, score being 22 to 8, so reports indicate.

—o—

Sgt. Emerson, the pitcher, is said to have gotten a Charlie in his arm and had to retire to the field, where the work was not so strenuous.

—o—

We recommend a basket assist in holding those fly balls.

—o—

Leaving Us.

Sgt. Rolland H. Leever, Med. Det. was discharged yesterday. We wish him the usual good wishes and hope that he finds civil life as we expect to ourselves.

Quartermaster Sgt. Bradford Smith received discharge today. We wish him all good wishes for his success in the new field of adventure.

—o—

MEMO:

Any members of this command desiring information relative to the soldier's farm movements, may obtain such upon application to Capt. Wm. H. Kyle, Personnel Adjutant.

THE BIG DAY IS HERE.

(Continued from page 1.)

aviators of Langley Field will all the while be doing aerial stunts overhead. Dinner follows at 5:30 P. M. At 7:30 P. M., movies and vaudeville are booked. Then the big feature affair closing the day's activities is a dance at the Red Cross Convalescent House. "The End of a Perfect Day."

Additions and changes may occur in the program, and there will be a chance for many who have not entered to come forth and compete as the day's program advances. Everybody out! It is OUR day, let's make the most of it!

W. C. C. S. SHOW ENTERTAINED.

The W. C. C. S. production, given under the auspices of the Red Cross in the theatre Thursday night, made a favorable impression upon a well filled house. The players, who were mostly amateurs, did well and drew all the applause expected. Miss Flora Brylawski in character songs was easily the favorite, and she was applauded accordingly.

"MIKAWÉ"

That's the name of the new Red Cross yacht. Some name, eh? This hull piloted by Sgt. Burdette with Pvt. Hollingsworth as engineer, leaves the docks twice in the afternoon each day for hourly tours upon the Chesapeake. The leaving hours are 2:00 and 3:30 P. M., provided a couple dozen or so are on hand to enjoy the ride. All hands on deck at these hours for a merry whirl. Let's Go!

BACK TO DUTY.

Michael Camino has returned from pass spent back home and assumed his duties again.

The good and great daily editor furnishes the pure food of thought for the working masses of mankind.

—John A. Joyce.

Let them know how you got that eye, Jake.

OUR LITTLE BIRDIE TELLS US.

Besides our "hit 'em and take 'em" boys in barracks H, we also have some good performers. Out of the bushes came some wonderful tones from a quartet, which consisted of Sgt. Hosey, Sgt. Custer, Cpl Townsend and Cpl. Arndt. The most interesting part of the performing was that Pvt. Linsely was used as a man of importance, who ably fulfilled the director end of it.

Quite a few numbers were put over by the singers, such as "The Old Family Tooth Brush," "Around Her Neck She Wore a Yaller Ribbon," "Sweet Adeline," and many other. Their famous selection was "Sweet Adeline," which was strangled quite a number of times. During the performance they were presented with a bouquet of assorted flowers by Haywood, who thought that their singing was great, stating if they were singing for Room Rent, why they would be moving every night.

—o—
For the benefit of the fellows on the second floor of Barracks I, it is requested that Hosp. Sgts. Ernest, McGeehan and Harris will call their meetings, for the purpose of arguing on subjects which none of them are familiar, in the morning, and probably they will be finished in time for us to get some sleep.

—o—
Sgt. 1st c. Emerson, the "Cy Young" of the Indoor Baseball league, was under the impression that he could play the outfield. The first ball he caught was on his ivory top and had to be carried from the field. It is agreed by all that the Sarge, as a fielder, is a very good rooter.

Cpl. Frederick, why do you dislike seeing others making eyes at girls? Are you jealous, because your loving face doesn't have an effect on them? Oh! you "Smoky City!"

—o—
Will someone in Barrack "A" kindly inform us who the Phoebus "heart breaker" is?

—o—
Anyone got an old life belt or two big tin cans? Waugh is going swimming on Saturday night.